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Poetical.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We have faith in old proverbs full surely,
For wisdom has traced what they tell,
And truth may be drawn up as purely
From them as it may from a "well."
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers,
In "where there's a will there's a way."

The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his axe;
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his track;
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his away,
But bravely he's proved in his striving,
That "where there's a will there's a way."

Have you vices that ask a destroyer?
Or passions that need your control?
Let reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul.
Fight on, though ye bleed in the trial,
Resist with all strength that you may—
Ye may conquer sin's cost by denial,
For "where there's a will there's a way."

Have you poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to fight with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh, much may be done by defying
The ghosts of despair and dismay;
And much may be done by relying
On "where there's a will there's a way."

Should you see afar off that worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust;
And ne'er heed if your path, at beginning,
Should be among brambles and dust;
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it,
For "where there's a will there's a way."

Miscellaneous.

A Word-Picture.

In a new book, entitled "Thorndale; or the Conflict of Opinions," we find the following touching allusion to the author's childhood, which will, doubtless, awaken pleasing, and, it may be, painful emotions in the minds of those who recollect the time when, with them,

"Form was young, and soul was pure."

"On looking back to those days, I can now understand how I also made her happiness, as she mine. I must suppose that there were childish fits of petulance on my part, and sometimes acts of insubordination, but I do not remember them. I can recall only scenes of peace,—the lesson and the play hour, which were but varied pleasures. How entirely content, it now occurs to me, we both were, when on some winter evening I sat by her side, with the large pictured Bible outspread before me on the table, or knelt up upon the chair, the better to command that captivating folio. Some of those pictures live at this moment more vividly in my memory than any I have seen in the famous galleries of Rome and Florence.—Even now I see David playing on his harp before King Saul; and I see Saul consulting the Witch of Endor, and the terrible ghost of Samuel rising in the background. How that ghost haunted me! Well may I remember those pictures, for I never studied any others so intensely. How I labored to extract from them all some intelligible story! And, doubtless, I often perplexed my dear mother herself with my minute inquiries, and the unreasonable desire I had to know what every man and woman in the picture was doing, and why he did it, and why God let him do it.

"Days of illimitable faith! they were indeed mine! How glad I am to have known them! Not all that we resign, do we regret to have possessed. Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually, night and morning, kneeling by the bedside. What did I think of, guiltless then of metaphysics—what image did I bring before my mind as I repeated my learned petition with scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable Form bending down to listen? Did He cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult it is now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this morning and evening devotion, became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that the prayer must be said *kneeling just there*. If, some cold winter's night, I had crept into the bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself—it would not do!—it was felt in this court of conscience to be "an insufficient performance;" there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day I never see the little clean white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom, could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber."

☞A discussion arose in a coffee room at Southampton as to the nationality of a gentleman at the other end of the room. "He's an Englishman," said one, "I know by his head." "He's a Scotchman," said another, "I know by his complexion." "He's a German," said another, "I know by his beard." Another thought he looked like a Spaniard. Here the conversation rested, but soon one of them spoke, "I have it," said he, "he's an American; he's got his legs on the table."

An Hour with a Ghost.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Almost every country-town or township is possessed of its "haunted house"—some grim-looking, dilapidated building, which the neighbors firmly believe to be inhabited by ghosts. These houses are rented and occupied from time to time, by skeptical persons, who, according to the old saying, "fear neither man nor devil;" but such tenantships are rarely of long duration; and the skeptic generally moves again after a brief experience, preserving a mysterious and petulent silence concerning what he has seen and heard.

Now, I believe in ghosts. I do not hesitate to say it; for I am not at all ashamed of the belief. Everybody has had some personal acquaintance with facts that no human reasoning can explain—as the shallow philosophy of the day has it—"on natural grounds." The wisest, even of the skeptical sort, can only say of such things: "Why do you ascribe them to ghosts?" To this I oppose an equally cogent argument—"Why not?"

I once had a fright in one of these haunted houses, that lasted me for a long time.—I regret that I cannot explain the cause of the phenomena that gave the place its reputation, but my readers may accept of my belief in the matter, or leave it unaccounted for, as they choose. The incident I shall here relate does not elucidate any theory, nor does it bear upon the supernatural character of the house, except indirectly.

Traveling through a certain rather thinly-settled region, I came to a small village—a shire-town—just at night. As it was court week, the place was crowded with visitors; extra accommodations were unusually scarce; and I was compelled to procure lodgings wherever I might. The hotel of the place—a little one-horse tavern—served as a hostelry so far as refreshments were concerned, but I had to look elsewhere for a sleeping-room.

After a long search, I found that a certain Mr. Kelbie, a canny Scot, had fitted up an old shell of a house which belonged to him, with temporary accommodations, hoping to turn an honest penny by the influx of strangers. From the landlord of the hotel, I learned that this house was haunted—or reported so to be—and was further advised to sleep in the street, in preference to running the risks attendant upon a night among ghosts.

But I am no more afraid of disembodied people than of those in the flesh, nor am I aware that I deserve any ill-treatment at the hands of either; so I took my chance, and bade the landlord good-night, as gayly as possible.

The haunted house stood near a cross-road—proverbial trysting-place for demons—and was a shabby rookery of two stories, low of ceiling, gaping of door, with broken and mossy roof, ruined chimney, uneven floors, a courtyard strewn with wrecks of bottles, brick-piles, lumber, rags, and other rubbish. The windows were patched with ancient hats and squares of tin; the plastering was cracked and broken away, and had it not been for a sort of Scotch cleanliness that reigned inside, upon the beds, with their clean sheets and variegated coverlids, and the washstands, with their neatly folded towels, pure water, and little squares of red and white soap, I should not have considered the apartment inhabitable.

As it was, I felt a sort of chill creep over me at the thought of sleeping there; but I must turn in somewhere, and I was too tired to look further.

"Which room wad ye like?" asked Mr. Kelbie, lighting me into a spacious chamber on the lower floor.

"Are many of them taken, yet?"

"Not many—indeed, sir, I may say none as yet; but I expect they will be."

Evidently, mine host of the tavern had informed his guests of the pre-occupation of Mr. Kelbie's quarters.

"Well, if I can have first choice, I will sleep here—this seems well enough."

"Hoot! ye may well say that. Ye'll find yerself as comfortable here as onywhere, sir."

I bade my second host farewell, and prepared to retire. The establishment would have offered but little in the way of obstacles to the advances of a professional burglar; and I had some valuable papers, as well as a considerable amount of money, with me; so I made up a package of these matters, and placed it under the pillow of the tall, clean, chilly, prim bed—a bed which looked as if it were made expressly to lay out a dead man upon.

Being overcome by a somnolent tendency, I turned in without thinking much about the visitors I was likely to have during the night. For the first half-hour, I did not find the poppy-crowned goddess kindly-disposed, in spite of the sleepiness which had sent me so promptly to bed; I lay awake, but heard nothing, and began to think that the house was not haunted after all. At length, my consciousness departed, and I fell into a sound sleep, without having heard even the arrival of another lodger.

How long I slept I do not know; but all of a sudden I awoke with a start. A low, long, melancholy howl broke the dead stillness of the night, and startled me into a state of perfect wakefulness. The sound seemed human, and after the first moment of surprise, I fixed its locality as in the cellar.

I confess that my heart beat a little faster, at this; but I was not frightened, really. I never heard of anybody being hurt by a sound, and I have no prejudice against things I do not understand; so I simply listened.

The howl was repeated at intervals, sometimes louder than at first, and sometimes with more of anger or impatience. Then I heard steps, apparently upon the stairs that led up from the cellar, opening into the front room. With these came also the clanking of a chain.

"Ha!" I thought; "my ghost is at least a good old-fashioned, conventional one. He howls, walks, and drags a chain! Could anything be more romantically supernatural!"

The cellar-door in the front room opened with a dull, booming sound, and the footsteps evinced the presence of my ghost above ground. I fancied that he was about to call upon me; but he passed my door and went up stairs to the second story, still dragging his chain, and making unearthly, gibbering noises—partly snatches of wild song, partly muttered words, and with the same mournful howl intermingled throughout.—My curiosity to see the author of these mysterious noises began to be aroused, and getting out of bed, I opened the door a little way, so that I could see out and catch a glimpse of the ghost as he passed.

After roaming about for a while overhead, the disembodied gentleman began his descent, and I took up a position at the door, peeping anxiously out. Doubtless, the fact of its being ajar attracted his attention, for he approached, and pushing me back with the door as easily as if I had been a child, walked in, muttering, moaning, and clanking his chain.

It is not polite to salute a stranger, so I kept silence. The ghost, however, not having so much respect for the laws of etiquette as myself, accosted me in a clear, musical, but plaintive voice:

"Who art thou?"

I told him my name.

"Oh! I know thee!"

"Possibly. Who are you?"

"I am Hermes Trismegistus."

"Ah! then I have heard of you!"

"What!" cried my visitant, dropping his chain, and speaking with a tremulous accent; "what, have *you* been with us, too? Have you seen the new rod, and the grave-worms, with their horrible eyes! Ugh!"

I did not quite know what to say to this. I had not "seen the new rod," and the other agreeable objects specified by my visitor, nor did I care about seeing them. He saved me the trouble of answering, however, by breaking out again:

"Why do you have it so dark here? It is dark there, too—all dark—dark everywhere! Am I not to see light any more, I wonder! It is too bad; and when I come here, you must have it all dark, too!"

These words were said in a mournful tone, as if he were almost crying. I wished to see who or what he was like, and to tell the truth, I began to feel a little nervous; so I hastened to relight my lamp, and set it upon the mantle, where its rays would fall fairly upon the mysterious personage, whose incoherent conversation I have given.

My ghost, then, was masculine. A tall figure, slightly but strongly made, with a face perfectly colorless, thin, peaked, and bony; long, sinewy hands, matted black hair, clinging to his forehead and temples as if with a cold perspiration, and eyes that seemed as if they had burned themselves into their sockets. Across his face ran a frightful scar, dividing the left eyebrow, the nose transversely, and the right corner of the upper lip, distorting all those features, so as to give them an expression of horrible humor—a sort of ghastly corpse-laugh, if I may use the term. His lip, twisted by the cicatrice, left an opening, through which one or two sharply pointed, white teeth were visible, and a short, stubby, black beard—the unshorn growth of a week, perhaps—added to the effect of his exposed teeth, and livid, violet lips.

As I looked upon this terrible being, he returned my glance, and burst into a long, convulsive laugh, almost a wail, broken with something between cachinations and sobs. It was a peculiar sound, beginning softly, swelling up to an intense loudness, and dying away again in demoniac cadences. I can compare it to nothing save my early idea of the laughter of lost souls, arising from the bottomless pit.

After this laugh, the apparation remained silent for a short period. My nervousness increased.

"I think you said you were Hermes Trismegistus?" I asked, merely to hear my own voice.

"I am; and I have something to tell you before you go with me—you are going with me, are you not?"

"I do not know yet."

"Ha! *I* know. Sit down. Sit down here, in front of me. Let us be sociable and gay, as we used to in the old times. Ha!"

He shivered as if cold, and made a kind of chattering wail between his teeth. I took a chair, and he sat down facing me.

"Now then," he began, "of course you know my condition?"

"Well, no—not exactly."

"Why, I am lost, you know. I died unrepentant. I laughed at all their religious palaver, you see—laughed at it on my death-bed—laughed in the middle of the death-rattle—and so I was lost. Sathanas waited for me, and caught me. Not but what Sathanas and I are excellent friends, you know, but I do not think he used fair means to get me. Do you think he did?"

The distorted face assumed a menacing expression, and I ventured to say that I did not think so.

"Well," continued the lost one, "I am glad you agree with me. It was all by a woman—he knew that he could overcome any man, if he used a woman as his agent. So she smiled, and smiled, and smiled, and played with my heart, and juggled with my brain. She blinded me by kissing me on my eyelids. She strangled my soul with the skeins of her long yellow hair. Oh, she was a strange, strange, creature! Her kisses were like honey; but they were like blood, too; and when she had her snares all spread around me—all around, right, and left, and above, and below—she commenced drawing, drawing, drawing them in, line by line, mesh by mesh. Ah! she was too shrewd, too cunning, for me!"

He worked his chair closer to me, while he told this curious story, and fixed his glittering eyes on mine, getting down lower and lower, and leaning toward me, as he spoke in his low, intense, monotonous voice.—There was a strange fascination about him, and I hardly knew whether I was really awake or asleep. Indeed, I half wondered whether I might not actually be in the other world, without having been conscious of the change.

"You see this coat-sleeve?" said the ghost, extending his arm: "it is fine and soft—a beautiful piece of cloth, isn't it?"

"It was, or had been, a fashionable frock-coat, of fine texture. I told him so."

"Yes. Fine texture. Well, she used to sit by me, with that coat-sleeve about her waist—my arm in it, you know—and lean her head here on its shoulder—just by this seam—while she talked, and talked, murmuring on in her dreamy, delicious way—I wouldn't wonder if you could find some of those long, yellow hairs still sticking here, on my shoulder. That is why Sathanas always wants me to wear this coat—it is my badge—*la livree du diable!* Do you see?"

I did not; but thinking that a falsehood would be pardonable, under such circumstances, I said I did, and begged him to tell me how he came to be lost, through the agency of the yellow-haired woman.

"Oh! simply enough. I said she loved me, didn't I? Did I say so? No—well—she pretended to love me, any how. I thought she did. I was a fool, you know—she had blinded me, and strangled me, and bewildered me till I was a fool—so I knelt down and worshipped her, as she bade me. Then Corydon came, and I found the long, yellow hairs sticking to his shoulder, too.—Oh! his blood was so hot! it burned my hands to the bone!"

"His blood!"

"Yes, I found them together one day, when the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the leaves waved about in the wind, making flickering shadows all over them. When I came away, the grass was all red and trampled. The leaves waved, and the shadows danced; but he lay there, poor fellow! limp and lifeless! See his mark!"

He passed his bony forefinger rapidly down the scar that deformed his visage, and smiled grimly.

"How did I know that he carried a dagger? She knew it, though, and would have laughed if my blood had rotted the grass and flowers there, instead of his!"

Rocking back and forth in his chair, he muttered to himself for a while.

"Well, when I came to die, I found that they knew all about the whole business.—They had seen me, they said, but I think she told them. So I had to go down—down there, where it is dark, and foul, and noisesome. I don't like the new road, either. I am glad you are going back with me—you won't like it, but I want company, just as I did when I was alive. Come, let us go back. Take my chain, here, and Sathanas will know you. Don't let the grave-worms come near you, because they are so cold, and slimy; and when they get hold they never let go, but twine around, closer and closer, just like the net she wove about me."

He arose, and handed me the chain he carried. I did not know what to do. If the reader can imagine the effect that this horrible visitation and extraordinary recitation would be likely to have upon a nervous system of no very great strength, he may judge of the condition in which I found myself.

Just as my bewilderment was becoming intolerable, I heard voices outside, and saw an approaching light flashing upon the wall of the room. As the new-comer drew nearer, I distinguished the voice of Mr. Kelbie.

"He may weel be here aboot, if he's alive yet. I mind that he used to loiter around the auld place, afore he was sent to Middletown."

A gruff, aged voice responded, but I could not distinguish the words said, though I listened anxiously. When I turned my eyes upon my visitor again, I found him extraordinarily changed. He had fallen, as it were, into a heap—his head drawn back, his eyes rolling wildly, and his whole demeanor expressive of the most abject fear and humiliation.

"Ah!" he gasped, "I have stayed too long—Sathanus is coming for me! Oh! save me from him—save me, save me!"

He sank down at my feet, and clasped his arms about my knees. The voices and light approached still nearer, until they entered the front door, when I, now really terrified, cried out to them:

"Mr. Kelbie! For Heaven's sake, come in here!"

The Scotchman hastily opened my door, admitting himself and a stranger—an old gentleman with white hair, and spectacles, having an eminently medical appearance.

The stranger came at once to where I stood, seized the collar of the supplicating apparation, and dexterously threw him upon the floor. The latter lay immovable, when thus disposed of, but sobbed and wept stormily.

Mr. Kelbie then explained to me, that this being was a man who had formerly lived in the house, but who had gone mad, and been removed to an asylum, of which the gray-haired old gentleman was the superintendent. Lastly, the lunatic had escaped, and knowing his fondness for his old home, they had sought him there at once.

Having handcuffed and bound his patient, and placed him on a bed in the front chamber, the superintendent accepted my invitation to share the rear one with me. I asked him about the cause of his patient's insanity, and he told me that it was a woman.

"He was very deeply attached to a young lady here, sir," said the old doctor; "and for a while, she professed a corresponding affection for him. But she finally jilted him for another young man. This preyed upon his mind so, that he became partially insane, and in a fit of abberration killed his rival, receiving in the struggle a wound, that left the scar you may have noticed. After this, he lapsed into real permanent madness, and sent to my institution at Middletown. I think it very doubtful if he ever recover."

"And the young lady—what became of her?"

"She has a place in the woman's department. If you have time to visit the asylum, I shall be happy to show you about, and you can see her. She has been exceedingly beautiful, but you will find few traces of it left now."

A Very Golden Wedding.

Not golden by the virtue of the half century of wedded life which usually confers that auriferous distinction of title, but golden in its gorgeous profusion of vast disbursements and fabulous luxuries of open-handed outlay, was the wedding of Miss Francis Amelia Bartlett with Don Esteban Sancta Cruz de Oviedo, which took place on Thursday, the 13th of October, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city. The beauty and innocent youth of the bride; the wealth and birth and personal characteristics of her betrothed; and the reckless prodigality with which the shining path of preparation to the event was strewn, combined to attract the attention of fashionable New York with a magnetism wholly irresistible. Public feeling reached a height from which the descent—now that all is accomplished and over—must be difficult if not dangerous. The mysteries of most sacred privacy were penetrated and openly revealed to the eager and excited world. No particular—delicate or otherwise—of the origin of the affair, its progress, its calumination, has been permitted to repose in obscurity. That Don Esteban first encountered the lady of his love last New-Year's Day while eating chocolate at the house of one of her friends with whom she was residing, and on whom he chanced to call; that he strove with earnest to pour fervent admiration through her interpreter into her ear; that his heart leaped with joy upon the hidden discovery that her lingual capabilities included his native tongue; that their two souls were thus welded by idiomatic sympathy, indissolubly and forever; that Don Esteban, overcome soon after by fever and ague, suffered in silent solitude until his chamber at the St. Nicholas was brightened, and the acuteness of his miseries were alleviated, by the tender and devoted visits of the true-hearted American girl; that his gratitude found sumptuous expression in ceaseless heart offerings of the nature of glittering jewels and purest metals; that the bonds of affection, already made fast and firm, were afterward clenched with double force at Niagara and Saratoga; that for many months few hours had been occupied by the affianced pair otherwise than in symmetrically shaping the arrangements for their approaching union—all this, and much more, had been ventilated with an assiduity which proved beyond doubt the depth of concern experienced upon the subject by the "circles" of New York. Of circumstances less minutely personal, but not less important to the apprehension of public curiosity, may have freely circulated. The wealth of Don Esteban, who is known to be the possessor of some of the most valuable estates in Cuba, has received proper consideration. As to the number of millions over which he exercises control there has been dispute.—Successive series of anxious feminine conclaves have failed to definitely settle the matter. Society has been distressed at its inability to determine whether the income of five or ten millions of dollars is lavished by the Don, and has revenged itself by fastening with zeal upon every fragment of intelligence respecting his manners, customs, and appearance. It has discovered that he is fifty-five years old, and of short stature, somewhat shorter than his bride; that the deep Castillian tinge of his countenance finely relieves the blonde purity of her complexion; that the curl of his beard and the flash of his dark eye bespeak a bold energy and decision of character. It has discovered that a noble generosity animates his actions—a generosity first exemplified at a ball long ago given by him at the St. Nicholas, for which occasion he provided that the hair of every lady invited should be dressed at his exppnse, and since more clearly shown by his limitless expenditures in favor of his young bride and her friends. The examples are multitudinous, and can no more be gathered here together than ocean sands.—The more prominent, however, are not unworthy of record. We know not where to turn with most of admiration—to the seventy-five gay and brilliant silks purchased of Stewart, and artistically fashioned into flowing robes by Genin; or to the gleaming coffers of snowy linen, richest in texture and adornment of any the city has produced, also perfected by Genin; or to the hundred pairs of boots and shoes, joyously supplied by the same Genin; or to the mines of scintillating splendors which Tiffany and Ball were called upon to furnish. We are lost in an affluence of mazy wonder, and details crowd before our eyes in huge aggerations, inseparable in their compacted glory.

Impatient and querulous, Society yearned for the culminating crash. On Thursday, the 13th of October, it came. The nuptials were performed. The original intention of a double marriage, which had been contemplated, including both Protestant and Catholic ceremonies, was given over, the lady having decided to adopt the Roman Catholic belief. The scene of the event was St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott Street. Here the agony was concentrated. In early morning the bustle in the neighborhood gave evidence of the emotion that raged. The passages to the church were blockaded. Policemen, gilded and grandiose, impeded the free movement of democratic vehicles.—Butchers were sent roundabout, and the sonorous cries of milkmen were unheard.—The arrangements betokened nice distinctions of rank and station. Of the elegant cards of admission, some were stamped with the initial B in blue, some in red. Persons who had the blue were enlivened by a consciousness that the private entrance from Mulberry Street was open to them alone.—reds flushed with the unpleasant conviction that their position was with the Mott Street multitude. At ten o'clock the doors were opened. The throng which had by that time accumulated to a degree of fashionable jam not often known in that locality, pressed in, regardless of feminine rights, and wildly struggling and gesticulating in all the fury of anticipation. Loftiness and lowliness, dignity and degradation were strangely mingled. It was a curious conjunction of opposite extremes. In less than half an hour the Cathedral seemed filled to overflowing, yet still the crowd dilated. By eleven o'clock discomfort had taken possession of all. Terror seized upon some ladies, who forthwith fainted, and were confided to the arms of the police. As the morning progressed tumult set in, and by noon the Cathedral was in a closely packed uproar. But on the stroke of twelve a signal announced the approach of the bridal party and, for a time, hushed the spectators to silence.

The bride appeared—at first view, simply a gauzy ethereal cloud of drapery, known, but not ascertained, to contain somewhere within its folds a beauteous feminine form. Presently distinctness of figure and feature emerged. What radiance, what rare intangible loveliness! Stood she not like Venus, compassed round by spotless sea-foam! Her bridemaids followed, attended by their groomsmen. Entered also the parents of the bride. The group stood before the altar, Archbishop Hughes came forth arrayed in the vestments of his office, and the ceremony was performed.

The bride claimed exclusive thought. Her dress, the result of a Parisian remittance of $6,000, was proclaimed a marvel of millinery—white silk thickly overspread with Brussels lace. A veil of similar material fell fleecily from head to foot. Orange blossoms were woven in her hair and shed their perfume around. Diamonds and pearls sparkled from neck and breast and ears and wrist, and bathed her form in light. The bridemaids wore white dresses, some plain, some with crimson decorations, some with blue—all given by Don Esteban. The groom and his supporters were harmoniously clad in black, relieved by white waistcoats and point lace cravats. They were arranged in one outstretched row, and Lieutenant Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett stood just behind.

The ceremony did not advance undisturbed. The excitement of the multitude was too great. Besides, physically feeble ladies fainted at intervals all along, creating each time a dire confusion. The Archbishop was generally unheard. He concluded at half-past twelve o'clock, and then the new made wife, intuitively apprehending the desire of the populace, turned round in the full bloom of her fresh honors, and dispensed labial pleasures among her maids. Soon after she vanished, and then collapse commenced.

The Cathedral was speedily vacant. The tide now turned in the direction of the mansion of the bride's father, in Fourteenth Street, where the wedding reception took place. Here the crowd was at least as excessive as at the church. Congratulations were discharged at the united twain with incessant zeal and startling rapidity. These were acknowledged with truest courtesy and most gentle grace. Longing eyes sought the gorgeous bridal presents; the $100,000 worth of jewelry, the superb garments, valued at $15,000, the *lingerie*, of which the estimated cost was $6,000, the various other accumulations of luxury—all were there.—Curiosity partly, and only partly, satiated, the throng gradually withdrew, and at three o'clock the reception terminated. Don Esteban and his young wife departed the same afternoon for Boston—the first installment of their wedding-journey. Later in the season they are to visit Cuba, and, still later, Europe. They carry the recognized means of happiness—wealth and beauty—with them; and so, no doubt,

"Shall speed the round of gay delight,
Where hearts to love and duty true
Chase not the hours, but in their flight
Keep pace with moments ever new."

☞Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

Climbing Up.

It is a very common thing to hear people excuse their want of cultivation, of education, of respectability, of refinement—in fact, of all the qualities that give one social value and position—by referring to the many great men who have raisen from the lowest round of the human ladder. They point to Shakespere, Claude Lorraine, Columbus, Napoleon, and other historically-famous individuals—including Horace Greeley—and trace them back to their early poverty and ignorance, as an excuse; they say, "If these men came from my class, it must be the best one." The matter lies in a nutshell. The lowest circle is an excellent one to get away from. The difference between William Shakespere and John Smith is, that William could not remain in an ignoble position, that circumstances could not keep him there, while John cannot elevate himself above the surroundings in which he was originally placed. It is no disgrace to a man to have ascended from the lowest and most degrading condition, but it is an overwhelming shame if he remains in it when he has such brilliant examples before him. To say that a man "has had no advantages," is merely to say he has not taken advantage of circumstances. None of the great men in history, those whose names and memories are like shining lamps, illumining the present through all the mists of the past, had "advantages."—They seized their circumstances with an iron grasp, and made them into advantages by their own strong wills and superior talent. The same part lies open to all. The ladder is hard to climb, wearying to the feet and blistering to the hands; but it has been climbed, and there are many now in the mire and misery of the bottom round, who, unmindful of blisters or weariness, will attain the highest before they die.

Reverses.

The West produces all classes, among whom are not a few, who, now occupying humble stations, have once, in other portions of the New World or in the Old, occupied stations of honor and position. A case in point that we know, is of a lady who was born and reared in continental Europe. Her friends were rich, and she herself was thoroughly educated, beautiful and honored.—She gave her hand to a gentleman who was in wealth, position, and education her equal. During the troubles of '48, the family was broken up, and she with her husband and the greater part of their fortune came to America. But once in this country, her husband grew dissipated, and at the end of three years he died, having spent their entire fortune in gambling and drunkenness—not even had he spared her dresses or jewelry. A few dollars were left her, with which she came to Dubuque and opened a millinery store. She met with moderate success, and a year or two since moved to a city in this State, down the river, where she engaged in the same business, and we believe has, in common parlance, been "doing well." A short time since we learned that she married a gentleman living in her new place of residence, and will probably spend the remainder of her life in one of the most beautifully located river towns in Iowa.

A short time since, a lady, also a milliner, left Dubuque and proceeded in search of fortune to the metropolis of Missouri. She was a middle-aged, quiet-mannered lady, whose brow was wrinkled with deep-set lines of care. She was once maid of honor at the Court of Vienna. The successive steps by which she reached, from her once high elevation, to the position of a humble milliner in a little city, with an ocean, and almost a continent, between her and her first and last residence, would doubtless furnish material for a story far more interesting than romance. So goes the world.—*Dubuque Herald.*

☞A young member of the bar though he would adopt a motto for himself, and, after much reflection, wrote in large letters and posted up against the wall the following: "*Suum Cuique*," which may be translated. "Let every one have his own." A country client coming in, expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added, "You can't spell it right." "Indeed! then how ought it to be spelt?" The visitor replied, "Sue 'em quick."

☞"Did I understand you to say that I was lousy, sir?"

"Oh no! I merely told my friend that when it rained lice in Egypt, I thought you must have been walking there without a hat or an umbrella—that's all."

☞"Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed to Ike a new unabridged dictionary. "Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

☞A little girl, nine years old, having attended a *soiree*, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness; I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

☞"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know I told you that you had but sixteen hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did; but I did not take the dose you left me."

☞Some men are indolent by nature; the marrow works out of their bones in infancy. Give them a streak of sunshine and an empty barrel, and they will fall asleep at midday.